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Life of Hannah



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Chapter 1 by Hannah Cooper

Hannah was a young girl in a new town, trying to find her purpose, search for a talent, strive for success, but little do they know about the backstory of why she had to move into this new town, why she is so quite, and why she never gets mad.

"Hi, my name is Mallory!" a cute, tall girl grinned and greeted herself to Hannah. Hannah looked up from having her head down fidgeting with her fingers. Hannah never made eye contact. Mallory only had to look into her eyes for 5 seconds to get trapped in the story of her life for 5 years.

"No dad, please quit stop dad no stop!" Hannah repeatedly screamed at a large man throwing books and everything near him at the small child. Mallory looked at the small girl's arms. Bruises. Her face. Bruises. "Leave her alone! I will call the cops" but the man continued. She tried to push the man away, but only seemed to move right thru him. Like he was a ghost. She then quickly came to the conclusion that she couldn't do anything. She realized that she was visiting Hannah's miserable dark secrets. Mallory estimated that she was maybe only seven or eight. "Dad no please stop it daddy NO!" she pleaded to him, while getting lamps and knickknacks thrown at her while she was up into a corner. Suddenly, he stopped. She covered her face again, and her dad softly walked over to her, while stepping on some of the knickknacks in her room that had been thrown.

Then, he angrily picked her up and shoved her into a closet. He slammed the door shut and jammed a chair underneath the knob, to keep her from getting out. He put a blanket at the end of the door, so that no oxygen would pass thru to her, so she would eventually pass out.

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